

Feelin' Good, Lookin' Bad by Codydarkstalker

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Summary:

After the fight in the Byers house, Billy Hargrove's fixation on Steve Harrington only gets worse. He's not sure what it is about the other boy, but he can't seem to get him out of his head, no matter how hard he tries.

1. Chapter 1

Billy watched Steve out of the corner of his eye as he took his shirt off. It had been a few days since their brawl in the Byer house, and Steve's face was still a mess of bruises. He himself had caught hell from his old man when he came home that night, late, bloody, with no car and no little sister. He couldn't remember much of what had happened after the fight. One moment he was beating Harrington's pretty face in and the next he was waking up in the early hours of dawn with what felt like a hangover from hell.

Officer Jim Hopper, the town's police chief, had come by later in the day with his car, his step sister, and a half assed excuse for why both had gone missing. There had been no discussion of the fight with Steve. Billy of course had been blamed for the whole mess, which he knew was bullshit. He didn't remember much but he knew Maxine had been the one that knocked him out.

He had contented himself with staying in his room and just avoiding her for a while. He figured if she was able to take him on, she was able to take the bus to the stupid arcade. When he returned to school on monday he had parked next to Steve, and for a moment their eyes had met through the windows.

Steve looked worse than he had, there was an ugly bruise spreading across the bridge of his nose, his split lip was still scabbed over, and he'd had a few stitches high on his forehead where Billy had gotten him with the plate. They stared at one another for a few moments until Steve finally looked away and got out of his car. For a moment Billy had thought Steve was going to try and fight him, maybe try and get even for what had happened. But instead he just grabbed his backpack and headed into the school without a word. A minute later Billy did the same.

It was obvious something had happened when they showed up at school with faces like raw hamburger, but they both avoided all the questions. Max and her little friends even kept their mouths shut. The Hawkins rumor mill went into overdrive trying to figure out what had happened. Nancy and Steve were over. Maybe Billy had hooked up with her? No, Nancy was with that weirdo Jonathan. Maybe it

was some other girl? But who? Neither boy had been seen with anyone in days.

Steve had done his typical nice guy act and brushed off all the comments with a smile and a laugh. Billy had shoved a freshman boy he heard gossiping about him into a locker. That had stopped anyone from asking him about the possible fight directly.

Billy was almost certain Steve had been avoiding him. He had turned around in hallways, ate lunch in his car, he had even walked out of a bathroom when he came in and saw Billy standing at the mirror combing his hair. But now Steve was just ten feet away, and when he pulled his shirt off Billy could see the bruises on his back from when he had fallen on the Byers' paper covered floor.

Steve, maybe feeling Billy's eyes on him, spun around to glare at the other boy. "What?" he demanded. "What is it Billy? Huh? Wanna go again? Is that it?"

Billy's face automatically fell into the sneer he reserved just for 'King Steve'. "Nah, not today Stevie. The last ass kicking I gave you should last a while longer." He took a step forward and placed his hands on the lockers, boxing Steve in with his body. "Why, you want me on you again so soon?"

Steve blushed and looked at the ground. "What? No. Just, why don't you leave me alone huh? Don't you have anything better to do than hassle me?"

"Better than you baby?" Billy leaned in close to whisper in Steve's ear. "Now why would you think anything could be more fun than fucking with you, huh pretty boy?"

Steve flinched at the feeling of the other boy's warm breath on his ear. "Okay, okay, knock it off with the pretty boy bit won't ya?" he whined, trying to squirm away. "You had your fun right?"

Billy grinned, wide and feral. "What do you mean pretty boy? I haven't had any fun at all yet." He pressed a knee in between Steve's legs, pleased to feel the other boy's reaction. "But it sure seems like you're having some. Now, that doesn't seem fair to me." He grabbed

Steve by the chin and forced him to tilt his head up. "Does it seem fair to you Stevie?"

Steve tried to look away. "I don't know what you mean Billy. I'm not having any fun right now." His breath caught as Billy leaned in more, thigh pressing into his cock.

Billy narrowed his eyes and squeezed Steve's face a bit harder, pulling a small pained noise from the other boy. "Oh, is that right? Well than I guess I should leave you alone huh?" He leaned in close. "See you later, King Steve." With that he shoved Steve down and walked away, leaving the other boy panting on the floor, a noticeable tent in his basketball shorts.

2. Chapter 2

Steve left school via the back exit by the cafeteria. Some of the teachers would slip out that way and have a cigarette after the last bell rang, so no one ever took that route to the parking lot. So he slipped between the gym teacher and his geography teacher with his head down and made a beeline for his car, hoping every second that he would make it without running into Billy Hargrove.

Deep down, there was a part of him that felt ashamed. He had fought the Demogorgon, had gone after a real life monster with a baseball bat. He had helped Dustin track down a pack of demodogs, and protected the kids in that junk yard. But Billy God Damned Hargrove still scared him a little bit. Billy who had laid him out flat on the Byers floor, Billy who seemed like he could smell fear, Billy who gave him butterflies in his stomach he hadn't felt since he asked out Nancy for the first time.

Maybe that was the problem, Nancy. Or Jonathan. He should have been more upset about Nancy and Jonathan, that there was a Nancy and Jonathan. He had been hurt by the things Nancy had said at the Halloween party, mostly because he thought they were supposed to be together. He had met the right girl, pretty and smart and an amazing shot. They had gone on a great life changing adventure and now they were meant to settle down, get married, have kids. But instead he had left her at the party and Jonathan Byers had stepped right in to fill his place. Maybe it should have hurt more, maybe that was the first thing he should have noticed. But it was so easy to forget about his troubles with Nancy. He had school, he had friends, he had Billy Hargrove and his wild eyes and messy hair cornering him in the locker room. Somehow that got his heart pounding faster than any monster had, maybe faster than it had his first time with Nancy, and wow wasn't that sad.

Steve made it all the way to his car before Billy spotted him. The other boy was sitting on the hood of his camaro, a half burned out cigarette hanging out of his mouth. As soon as he saw Steve approaching his eyes lit up.

"Hey! Stevie, I was wondering when you were gonna get here! If I

didn't know better, I would think you were avoiding me." Billy flicked his cigarette to the ground and slid off the car, feet hitting the pavement with a dull thud.

Steve took a deep breath and plastered on a smile. "Hey Billy. Good to see you." He pulled out his keys and unlocked his car door. "Well this has been fun but I really gotta get going." He tossed his bag into the bag and went to close the door. He was stopped by Billy's hand, suddenly holding on tight to his.

"Oh, just gonna run away again huh?" Billy pulled Steve around and crowded him up against the car. "You know, if you keep running off I might get the wrong idea?"

"And what idea is that?" Steve snapped, smile faltering. Billy was close, too close, and he smelled like menthol cigarettes and old spice in a way that was more appealing than it had any right to be.

"That you don't like me!" Billy leaned close and grabbed Steve by the front of his shirt and lifted him up onto his tip toes. "You like me, don't you Steve? Or are you only interested in little kids?"

Steve's face went red with anger. "What the fuck? You need to quit saying shit like that." He pushed at Billy's chest, trying to shove him off. "I was babysitting, that's it."

Billy snorted. "Yeah, babysitting. Like I believe that." He planted his feet and shoved Steve hard, smashing him against the door of the car. "I know you were up to some kind of shit that night Harrington. You, those kids, my fucking little sister. I don't know what it was, but it was something."

Steve looked away, the last thing he needed was Billy getting some bug up his ass about what had been happening that night. It was bad enough the kids had let Max in on the secret.

"I can see that guilty look on your face Pretty Boy. Better watch it or you'll get wrinkles," Billy said, leaning in so his mouth was pressed close to Steve's ear. "And what are you without your looks? Huh?"

Steve froze, a little shiver running up his spine at the feeling of Billy's

breath ghosting over his ear. "You know, you spend a lot of time talking about how pretty I am Billy," he choked out, voice suddenly hoarse.

"Hmm, I guess I do." Billy hummed to himself and then moved, fast and sure.

The next thing Steve knew Billy was kissing him. Kissing him like he wanted to eat him alive. It was all hot, hungry, mouth and sharp teeth. The bruises in his back ached as Billy pushed hard against him, and when he pulled back there was a smear of his blood at the corner of Billy's mouth, and a feral look in his eyes. He should have pushed Billy off. Should have hit him, or shouted. SHould have done something besides whimper and lean forward for more.

"Wow, I thought you'd be better at this," Billy mused, running a hand through Steve's luscious hair. "You had such a reputation. Is this why you couldn't keep that bitch Nancy around?"

Steve opened to mouth to argue but Billy moved in and kissed him again, swallowing his words. He pushed up against the other boy, and Billy laughed against his mouth and pulled him in tight. And then it was over. Billy pulled away and wiped his mouth off with the back of his hand and smiled, that evil look back in his eyes.

"Well well, I guess I know why you haven't got a new girlfriend yet huh?" Billy spun on his heel and headed back to his own car.

Steve watched his ass as he walked away and then let his head fall back against the car. He had fought the Demogorgon, he reminded himself. He had fought demodogs. He had even fought Billy fucking Hargrove. So that meant he was totally capable of kissing Billy fucking Hargrove, and maybe fucking Billy fucking Hargrove. As soon as he remembered how his legs worked again.

3. Chapter 3

Billy flung himself down on his bed and pulled out a cigarette. He had dropped his sister off at the arcade, and Lucas's mother had offered to drop him off at home after taking the kids for pizza. His Dad and step-mom had decided that their little romance was "cute" and Max had been spending all her time not at school with the weirdo group of little boys. He was certain if he had done a runner like that his dad would have beaten him into a coma, but as usual Max was allowed to get away with anything.

He reached over with one arm and smacked the power switch on his radio, the sounds of AC/DC coming out of the tiny speakers. He had a few hours before he had to leave for the movies. He wasn't planning on seeing anything, but he had it on good authority Steve Harrington was taking Dustin to see Gremlins. It was weird how much time Steve spent with the kids. He was sure something was going on there, he had heard rumors after moving to town about the Byers kid going missing, and there was a funeral for some cow that had died and half the school had gone to the wake.

He wasn't interested in any of that though, not really. It was a tiny, bullshit town, filled with mostly tiny bullshit people. He was bored. He had fucked the few cute girls at school, and a few older women in town who bought him beers and got all dumb and giggly when he smiled at them. But it was boring, it was easy. Now he had his eye on something with a bit more of a challenge. Steve Harrington. The king of the school, that's what everyone had told him.

But Steve didn't seem like a king. His friends from Junior year, Tommy and Carol, didn't have many nice things to say about him, and the girl he had been going steady with had dumped him. Even worse, Nancy Wheeler, a nerd, had dumped Steve for Jonathan Byers, the school outcast. The breakup had been public, and ugly. But that suited Billy just fine. King Steve wasn't that interesting to him. Pretty boys with too much hair product and a big shit attitude were a dime a dozen. But this Steve, this unsure and almost broken boy, now that got Billy's dick hard. Literally, it turned out. At first all he wanted to do was fuck with Steve a bit. Give him a hard time, score a few

easy points to climb the Hawkins High pecking order. But now, he didn't just want to fuck with Steve, he wanted to fuck him.

He wasn't sure when the idea had first come to him, but now it was a thought that away at the back of his brain. Showering next to Harrington was a test of will power. Keeping himself from getting hard, from shoving a wet, naked Steve to the ground and feeding him his cock. He could imagine the look on Steve's face, eyes tearing as he choked on his length.

He palmed the front of his jeans absently. He was hard, but he didn't want to jerk off, not yet. He wanted to save that energy up for later. He rolled out of bed and pulled out his weights, figuring it was a good enough way to pass time until the movie.

By eight o'clock he was sitting on the hood of his car in the parking lot behind the movie theater. The movie would be letting out any moment, and he was ready. He saw the back door of the building open and spotted Steve walking out, Dustin following behind with an extra large popcorn tub.

Billy slid off his car and followed them down the road from a distance, just close enough he could catch a few words of their conversation.

"That was so funny! And when they transformed they looked like--"

"I'm not reading the monster manual! It's so--"

"Yeah but now you have so much more free time because--"

Billy watched from behind a group of window shopping old women as Steve punched Dustin in the shoulder. The younger boy laughed and held up the popcorn bucket as protection. They looked happy, carefree and very young.

Billy stepped around the women, sauntering over. "Well, well. Stevie, you can't take me in a fight so now you have to resort to beating on kids huh?"

Dustin froze, eyes going comically wide. He looked between the two teens and took a step away, gripping tightening on the popcorn tub.

“Uh, St-Steve?” He stammered, eyes darting back and forth.

“Don’t worry Dustin, it’s nothing,” Steve said, holding up a hand.

Billy snorted. “Yeah, this sure looks like nothing.” He moved forward and casually reached out and grabbed a handful of Dustin’s popcorn, tossing a piece into his mouth with a loud crunch. “You guys having fun on your date? You only into jailbait Steve?”

Steve flushed red and looked around the street. It was getting late and the sidewalk was clearing, and no one seemed to be paying them any attention. He glanced down at his watch and then looked at Dustin. “Hey, your mom was gonna pick you up by the pizza place, why don’t you go on ahead, okay? Here’s a few bucks, you can buy a slice and pay pinball while you wait.” He dug into his pockets and pulled out a wrinkled two dollar bill.

Dustin hesitantly took the money and then slowly turned and walked down the rode, occasionally glancing back as if waiting for Steve to call out for him to return. Billy watched the kid walk out of sight and then allowed Steve to lead him down the road and back behind the theater to the now almost empty parking lot. The street lights were on, and in the low light he could see Steve’s breath fogging in the air.

“Damn Steve, no need to man handle me! Or are you just that desperate to cop a feel?” Billy pulled back and straightened out the collar of his leather jacket.

Steve glared at him. “Ha fucking ha Billy. Now tell me what you want? What’s up with the psycho stalker act?” He set his mouth into a firm line and jutted his chin forward.

Billy choked on a laugh. “Really? You’re asking me what’s up?” He swung his leg out in a quick motion, knocking Steve’s legs out from under him. The other boy went down hard and fast, falling back onto the dirty pavement. He put a sneaker clad foot on Steve’s chest and leaned forward, keeping him down. “I don’t know what kind of fucking idiot you think I am, but i know something is up. With you and those kids.”

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Steve gasped, trying to sit

up. "There's nothing-

Billy cut him off with another press of his foot on Steve's solar plexus. "Now now Steve, no lying." He looked around the parking lot, not another sou in sight. "My little sister isn't here to save you now Steve. And I might not remember what happened that night but I sure as shit know something did."

Steve's face went pale for a moment, and then he started to struggle even more desperately under Billy's weight. "Get off! Just get the hell off of me and leave me alone!" He grabbed ahold of Billy's jean cuff and pulled, just managing to upset the other boy's footing enough to sip out from under him.

Billy dropped down fast, catching Steve by the throat and slamming him back onto the ground. Steve froze as he leaned in close. "Come on Harrington, why don't you just tell me what's going on huh? Wouldn't that be easier? Or maybe..." He trailed off as he moved to straddle Steve. "Maybe you want this. Maybe you like it."

Steve's eyes went wide. He wiggled a bit under Billy's weight, the loose gravel of the parking lot was digging into him despite his jacket, and the cold pavement was leeching out his heat. "What the fuck, why would you think that?"

Billy shrugged. "Maybe it's your hard on pressing against my leg that's confusing you." He rocked back and forth a bit, pulling a small whimper out of Steve's mouth before he clamped his lips shut. "Yeah, that's what I thought." He laughed.

"I'm not..." Steve mumbled.

"What was that?" Billy leaned in close, cupping a hand around his ear. "Sorry, couldn't hear you."

"I'm not...like that," Steve said, face and ears going red. "I'm not gay!"

Billy shrugged as if that was of no consequence. "I never said you were pretty boy. I said your dick's hard." He leaned in again and licked the shell of Steve's ear. "I'm not gay either, but if you ask real

nice I might give you a hand.”

Steve froze, unsure of what to do. His cock was hard enough that it almost hurt, pressing against the zip of his jeans. He was hard and Billy was close, and he smelled so good. He looked around the lot again. No one was there, and leaning against the car they were almost entirely out of sight.

“OKay,” he said finally, voice wavering slightly.

Billy pouted. “Aw come one Stevie, that wasn’t asking nice.” He palmed Steve through his jeans, squeezing a bit. “I bet you can do better. I wanna hear you beg for it.”

Steve groaned. Billy was touching him, and suddenly, any reason he had to say no didn’t seem like enough. Who cared if he had to beg, if that was what it took. At that moment he was willing to drop to his knees right there in the parking lot and kiss Billy’s feet if it meant feeling his hands directly on his cock.

“Please,” he panted, voice high and breathy. “Please Billy, please touch me.” He bucked up into the other boy’s hand. “Please get me off.”

Billy smiled, wide and hungry. It felt good, hearing Steve beg, hearing him say his name in that pretty slutty voice instead of his usual annoyed tone. His own cock was hard and leaking in his boxers, but he ignored it and instead focused on undoing Steve’s jeans. He flicked the button open and yanked down the zipper, exposing his tented boxers.

“See, it wasn’t that hard was it?” Billy asked, undoing the button on Steve’s boxers and freeing his cock. “You just need to ask me nice, and I’ll give you just what you need.”

He raised a hand to Steve’s mouth. “Here, lick it.”

Steve didn’t hesitate this time, just bathed Billy’s calloused palm with his tongue and then bit down on his lip to keep in a scream when Billy wrapped that warm, wet, hand around his dick.

It didn’t take long for Steve to come, clinging to Billy’s shoulders to

stay upright as he filled his hand. Billy milked every drop out of him, rubbing his thumb over the over sensitive slit to drag a whimper out of Steve's mouth. When Steve was shivering and finished he lifted his sticky hand to his mouth and licked it, humming at the flavor.

"Not bad pretty boy," he commented, and pushed his fingers into Steve's mouth before he could struggle. "Why don't you try a taste?"

Steve pulled back, grimacing from the salty, bitter taste and spit, wiping his sleeve across his mouth. "What the fuck??" he yanked away from Billy and bent forward, spitting onto the pavement a few more times.

Billy cackled gleefully. "Aw, come on Steve! You gotta get used to the taste." He walked up behind Steve and clapped him on the back, just a bit harder than necessary. "You need to learn to like it when you suck me off."

Steve froze, still bent over. "When I what?"

Billy moved his hand down from Steve's back to his ass, squeezing hard. "Aw come on, fair's fair right? I got you off." He slapped Steve on the ass, quick and hard. "And you know you want to be down on your knees for me, don't pretend pretty boy."

Steve yelped and spun around, hands covering his bottom protectively. "Fuck you! I don't want your dick in my mouth!"

Billy raised an eyebrow. "You don't? Well, alright then." He turned and headed back towards his car, hands already digging through his pockets for his keys.

Steve watched him for a moment. "Where the hell are you going?" He demanded.

Billy paused to pull a cigarette out of his pocket and light it. "Gonna go get my dick sucked," he responded flatly. "You said you weren't interested, so..." he trailed off, taking a long drag of his cigarette.

"So you're just gonna go and-" He stopped, shutting his mouth so hard his teeth clicked.

“And find some girl to suck me off,” Billy finished easily. “What do you care?” He stared straight into Steve’s eyes and ashed his cigarette, obviously happy to wait for the other boy to answer. His cock was still hard, the bulge obvious in his tight jeans.

Steve glared at him. “I don’t!” he growled defiantly. “I don’t care what you do, fag.” The word was out before he could think about it. All he could think was that Billy was gonna leave him high and dry again, fuck around with his head and leave him wanting...something. Something he couldn’t put into words yet. But suddenly he was seeing red.

“What did you call me?” Billy’s voice was low, dangerously quiet. He walked in slow even steps towards Steve, feet crunching the loose rocks on the pavement. “You think I’m the fag?” he asked, moving in close to Steve. “You’re the one begging me to jerk you off. You’re the one who’s gonna beg to suck my cock.” he took a long drag off his cigarette, the cherry red embers at the end glowing hot and close to Steve’s skin. “I ain’t the faggot around here.”

He was gone before Steve could say another word. His camaro squealing out of the lot before the driver’s side door was even fully closed. Billy mashed the power button on the radio, the loud sounds of electric guitar and drums filling the vehicle. He flicked his cigarette out the window and pulled a hard u-turn off the main road, heading out to the nicer side of town.

The house was quiet when he pulled up in the driveway. Mrs. Wheeler smiled when he opened the door. She was wearing a tan skirt with a ruffled floral shirt and very high heels.

“Why hello Billy,” she purred, opening the door a bit wider to let him inside. “Are you here looking for Maxine again? I Lucas’s sister is having a birthday party, I think everyone’s over there tonight.” The lights upstairs were out, and she lead him into the living room. There was a half empty glass of white wine and a paperback sitting on the coffee table.

“Nah, I’m not babysitting tonight Mrs. Wheeler.” Billy ran a and through his hair and flashed a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes.

“Oh Billy!” She giggled and swatted him on the shoulder. “Why don’t you call me Karen.”

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

And now for some side characters and plot building.
More smut will be coming in the near future, don't worry

“Did you read that think piece Murry had in that magazine? The thing about fluoride in the water?” Jonathan took a long sip of his pepsi, rattled the ice in the cup. “I mean, I know we’ve seen some crazy stuff, but I think it sounded a little extra loony you know?”

Nancy nodded and set down her pizza slice. “Yeah, I don’t think the Communists would be able to put that many secret agents in the government without getting caught, and if they could I think they’d do something way more important than improve dental hygiene.”

Jonathan opened his mouth to reply but hesitated as he saw something over Nancy’s shoulder. Steve was outside the pizza place, waving frantically at them through the glass. His hair, normally styled to perfection, was a mess, and he was standing there in the rain.

“What?” Nancy noticed Jonathan staring and shifted in her seat, eyes going wide when she saw her ex. “Oh god, please let it not be monsters, please let it not be monsters...” She mumbled to herself. She waved for Steve to come inside and join them.

Steve rushed inside and slid into the booth next to Jonathan, still dripping wet. He reached out and grabbed a slice of the pepperoni pizza Jonathan had ordered and ate half the slice in one bite.

“So, uhm, guys, I think I need some help.” He struggled to speak around the pizza, voice muffled by the cheese.

Jonathan raised an eyebrow. The guy had helped fight the monster that was after his brother, so it was hard to grudge him a slice of pizza, but he slid his pepsi out of reach before Steve could get any ideas.

“What happened Steve?” nancy leaned forward across the table of the booth so she could whisper. “Is it anything to do with you know...Hawkins Lab Stuff?” Jonathan always thought it was cute, the way she could capitalize words when she spoke.

Steve shook his head and grabbed a sip of her root beer before she could protest. “No, nothing like that,” he said.

Nancy sighed in relief and sat back in her seat, snatching back her soda. “Okay then what has you all worked up?” She pointed at Steve’s hair. “Not like you to look like a drowned puppy in public.”

Steve blushed and hurried to run a hand through his hair, neatening the wet locks. “It’s about Billy,” he said slowly.

“Billy Hargrove? That new kid?” Nancy asked.

“That’s Max’s big brother right? The one with the crazy loud car?” Jonathan wondered aloud. “I think he’s in my math class, he just sits in the back and carves stuff into the desk with a pen.”

Steve sighed and took a bite of pizza crust. “Yeah that’s him. The same Billy Hargrove that punched me in the face and broke a plate over my head at your house.” He reached up and traced the tiny scar on his hairline where his stitches had been.

Nancy and Jonathan exchanged a look. Neither of them had been at the house for that part of the night but it had been a shock later when they got the rest of the details from the kids. From the sound of it, Billy had been intent on beating Steve nearly to death. There hadn’t been any fights at school, but maybe the new kid was bullying Steve? It was hard to imagine the king of the school getting bullied but...maybe?

“Okay,” Nancy said slowly. “So, what happened with Billy?”

Steve blushed, suddenly becoming very interested in a straw wrapper. “Billy kind of..well he...”

Nancy’s eyes went wide. “Did he threaten you Steve? Her voice took on a shrill tone. “Oh my god, did he hurt you again? I swear if he did...”

Jonathan reached across the table and put a hand on her shoulder to calm her down. The last time nancy got that worked up she tried to take down to the government. "Why don't we wait for Steve to actually tell us what's happening?" He suggested gently. "Steve?"

Steve took a deep breath and let the words come out in a rush. "Billy and I kissed. Well, Billy kissed me, only it was more than kissing, not that that's really important. Except maybe it is because I don't like guys, and if I do I don't like Billy except I suppose I kind of do because I let him so stuff to me, but then I called him a fag and he left me in a parking lot with my pants undone and I have no idea what to do because I'm not sure if he wants to have sex with me or murder me."

Jonathan choked on his soda. His coughing and spilling Pepsi all over his sweater and the table momentarily distracted everyone from the word vomit that had just come out of Steve. "Uh, nancy? I think this one is yours?" he suggested.

Nancy's face was in rictus, she was frozen in a partial smile. It looked like her brain had stopped working, but then she blinked and it seemed like she was able to think again. "Steve you have got to be kidding me. I mean, you and Billy?"

Steve shrugged and then pointedly at Jonathan. "It's not like you took a lot of time rebounding, so what if I wanna date someone else?" He asked defensively.

"I was a rebound?" Jonathan asked, brows furrowing.

"No, you're fine Jonathan," Nancy assured him before turning her attention back to Steve. "This isn't about you being allowed to see someone new. I am happy to hear you have moved on, okay. But You have never been interested in a guy before!" She paused. 'Have you?'

Steve shook his head. "No. I mean, some guys are attractive. I notice, but everyone notices! And none of them, I never..." He reached up and pulled at a stray lock of hair. "I never thought about any other guy the way I'm thinking about Billy."

"Didn't you say he beat you so bad you needed stitches?" Jonathan

asked. "And I'm pretty sure somewhere in that previous statement was something about you calling him a fag and him leaving you in a parking lot?" He left the last part of what Steve had said out. He was happy enough Steve was over nancy but thinking about Steve with his pants open was a bit much.

Steve rolled his eyes. "I needed a few stitches, nothing major." He defiantly grabbed another slice of pizza. "And the name calling was in a moment of anger. Justified anger, I would say," he added with a mumble.

Nancy thought this over for a moment. "What exactly do you want from Billy?" she asked carefully. "Because I don't know Billy personally but I was under the impression that almost every other girl in the school does."

Steve picked up a stray pepperoni and popped it into his mouth as he thought it over. "Well, I liked doing...stuff with him," he admitted, not meeting Nancy's eyes. "I guess I haven't really thought about anything else. I mean, we live in Hawkins, guys don't date in Hawkins."

Jonathan bit at his lower lip and nodded. He knew what it was like in Hawkins. His little brother Will was teased for being queer, and it wasn't like he had ever confessed his crush on Mike Wheeler to anyone but Jonathan and their mom. Steve was popular at school, but that wouldn't do much to protect him if he started dating Billy.

Nancy sighed and sucked down the last of her soda. "You shouldn't worry about that Steve. It's the 1980s, things are changing, even all the way out here in Hawkins." She reached across the table and grabbed Steve's hand. "But I'm worried about you. Billy seems like bad news. If you need help, I'm here for you, but I don't think dating Billy is a good idea."

Steve snatched his hand back. "Yeah well, what do you know?" He jammed a bit of crust into his mouth and slid out of the booth. "See you at school."

Jonathan watched Steve hurry out of the restaurant and then turned his attention to Nancy. She was chewing on the end of her straw, her

eyebrows furrowed. “Nancy, you okay?”

She dropped her straw and smiled at him. “Yeah, I guess I was just hoping life would be boring after we finished with all the inter dimensional monsters.”

5. Chapter 5

Steve watched Dustin walk into the gym, chest tight. He remembered going to the Snowball dance as a kid. He had danced with half a dozen different girls, and at the end of the night he had gotten to second base out back by the dumpsters. This year he had been planning on chaperoning with Nancy. It had seemed like a foregone conclusion. They were the perfect couple, they were practically married as far as some of the other students were concerned. Now Nancy was in the auditorium with Jonathan. That should have bothered him, he knew that. But for some reason, he couldn't pull up any of those negative feelings anymore.

Steve was pulled out his reverie by a car pulling up behind him and someone leaning on the horn. He cursed and quickly pulled forward, allowing the car to pull up and a girl to climb out of the passenger's seat and rush inside to the dance. Away from the blinding headlights, Steve could make out who it was, Maxine.

A moment later the camaro pulled up alongside Steve and Billy leaned over to crank the window down.

"Hey there Steve, what're you doing here? Dropping your kid off to party?" Billy snickered.

Steve tried to fight his blush, fingers gripping tight on the steering wheel. "I just drove Dustin to the dance because his mom had work."

Billy nodded and took a drag off his cigarette. "I saw Nancy and that gloomy guy she's shacking up with heading here earlier. She looked good enough to eat, you must be missing that pussy." He blew a plume of smoke out hard, the smell carrying over to Steve's window and making him cough.

"I'm not jealous of Jonathan," Steve snapped, waving a hand in front of his face to get the smell of the smoke away. "And I'm not hung up on Nancy."

Billy grinned widely. "Oh, I bet not." He looked behind them, more cars were pulling up to the gym, kids piling out of cars and lining up for pictures for their parents before heading inside. "Hey, it's getting a little crowded here, follow me." he didn't wait for Steve to reply, just settled back in the driver's seat and shifted gears, peeling out of the lot.

Steve paused with his hand on the shifter. He could just go home. He could go see a movie or grab a slice of pizza. Following Billy was a bad idea. But then his hands and feet moved, seemingly on their own, and his car was pulling out of the lot, following the lights of the camaro in front of him.

Billy drove around downtown and then lead Steve on a winding road out to a neighborhood on the edge of town. It took Steve a minute to realize it must have been Billy's house. There was not other car in the driveway, and the lights inside were off.

Steve parked and just sat in his car staring straight ahead. Billy got out and made his way back to Steve's car, pulling the door open and looking down expectantly at the other boy.

"Alright, moment of truth Stevie Boy, you coming in or not?" He leaned down close so Steve could smell him, cologne and cigarettes and an underlying musk of teenage boy.

Steve took a deep breath, the smell enough to send a shiver down his spine. He knew what he was going to do. He had faced down the Demogorgon, he wasn't afraid. He unclipped his seatbelt with shaky hands and got out of the car.

Billy nodded and grabbed Steve by the arm, leading him up to the house. Inside, it was dark and quiet. Billy kicked the door shut and immediately pushed Steve against the back of the door, slamming their mouths together. He tasted like cinnamon gum and his teeth pressed into Steve's lips hard enough to bruise.

Steve moaned despite the pain, body responding before he could stop himself. After a few moments he managed to pull back, panting.

"We shouldn't do this here, what if someone comes home?" Steve whispered, brain addled by nerves and raging hormones. "Like max

or your parents or..."

Billy cut him off with another kiss, pushing his tongue into the other boy's mouth to shut him up. He pulled back and ran his fingers through Steve's hair, scraping his nails over his scalp. "Aw, someone a little scared? No one's gonna come home. My parents are out for the night and Max is gonna get a ride home from one of those little fucks she hangs out with."

Steve nodded, throat tight as Billy moved from kissing his mouth to his neck, pulling at his shirt to get at the junction between neck and shoulder. "Oh-okay." He gasped as Billy bit down, harder than he had been expecting. It seemed as though Billy responded more to Steve whimpering than anything, his breath hot and wet over the abused skin.

"Come on." Billy grabbed Steve by the arm and pulled him up the stairs, pushing open a door.

The bedroom was small and messy, much like the room of almost any teenage boy. Steve barely got the chance to look at it before he was pushed down onto the bed. Billy took a second to pull his shirt off, tossing it into a dark corner. His stomach was flat and toned, skin still holding the last bit of a Summer tan. Steve felt his mouth water a bit at the sight of all that skin. He had seen Billy in less, in the locker room at school, but this was different. This was Billy, looming over him, with a predatory look in his eyes that made Steve want to hide under a blanket.

Billy turned to fiddle with the radio, the room filling with low guitar music. When he turned, Steve got a look at his bare back. There were marks there, marks Steve knew well enough, marks from fingernails.

"Hey what the hell?" Steve pushed himself up off the bed and leaned forward to trace one of the angry red lines.

Billy looked over his shoulder, flexing his back muscles under Steve's fingers. "Oh that? I had a bit of fun at the Wheeler house." He laughed. "Jealous?"

"The Wheeler house/" Steve pulled his hand back. "There's not

fucking way you and nancy did anything. She's not like that."

Billy spun around and grabbed his arm, squeezing hard. "Who said anything about Nancy? He mom's a fox and was ready to roll." He pushed Steve's shoulder, pushing him back onto the bed. "Don't be jealous baby, I'll fuck you even better than I fucked her."

"Fuck off!" Steve writhed under the other boy, trying to wriggle out from under him. "You think I'm just gonna let you fuck me and then brag about it at school next week, like everyone else you trick into the back of your stupid fucking car?" Steve slapped at Billy's arms, trying to loosen the boy's grip on him.

Billy grunted and lifted himself up on his knees before slamming his weight back down, pinning Steve in place with his knees. "No Steve, I'm not gonna fuck you like I fucked those girls." he leaned down and grabbed Steve by the hair, forcing the other teen to look him in the eyes. "I am going to fuck you so much better. And when we get back to school I'm not gonna have to tell everyone how sweet your cherry ass was because it's gonna be clear enough when I pull up to school with you in my car, wearing my jacket, smelling like my cologne, and covered in hickeys from me." He emphasized his words by leaning down and nipping from Steve's jack to his neck, pulling at his shirt until the buttons gave, giving him more room to work.

"Fuck, Billy!" Steve arched up into Billy's touch, brain going fuzzy. "Please!"

Billy stopped and waited for a moment. "Please what?" He teased, running his hands down Steve's chest and stomach, toying with the button fly on jeans. "Please touch your cock? Please fuck you?"

Steve opened his mouth to say something, anything. His words died in his throat as Billy slid down his body, dragging his jeans and boxers down as he went. Cold blue eyes stared hard at Steve's dripping cock and then suddenly the chill of the air was replaced by the wet heat of Billy's mouth. Steve gasped and arched up, chasing that warmth as Billy pulled back, teasing him.

"Now, now," He teased, gripping Steve's length in his hand and flicking his tongue across the tip. "Don't get ahead of yourself. You

just lay back and let me do what I want.”

Steve groaned and relaxed back down onto the mattress, thinking to himself that letting Billy do as he pleased was much easier when what Billy wanted was to suck his cock. It took an embarrassingly short time for Billy to have Steve gasping and shaking and coming undone underneath him. Billy grabbed his hips and held him in place as he swallowed around the length, throat working over sensitive skin as he drank down Steve’s cum.

Billy sat back and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, a sly grin spreading across his face. “Well, well, what a quick shot! Maybe that’s why you go for virgin’s like nancy, easy to impress huh?”

Steve struggled to come up with a snappy comeback but his brain was still a fuzzy mess of post orgasm bliss. Billy was an asshole but he was an asshole who knew what he was doing in bed.

“Just, shut up and fuck me,” he murmured, turning his head to bury his face into Billy’s pillow. It smelled like Billy, musky cologne and mildly floral hair product all mixed together with sweat.

“Sorry, what was that?” Billy cocked his head, grin still fixed in place. “Not sure I got that Stevie.”

Steve groaned. He should have known Billy wasn’t going to make anything easy, not even sex. “Billy...Please?” His face flushed bright red. He couldn’t believe he was really asking Billy fucking (for real this time) Hargrove to fuck him. He hadn’t ever even worked up the courage to try a finger, even after reading it could be fun when a girl did it in a stolen issue of Hustler he had gotten from his dad’s stash. He had been in the shower, jerking off, hands covered in soap lather, but he couldn’t bring himself to try it. Forget asking Nancy to do it, he had been certain she would be disgusted by the idea.

Billy was far from disgusted. He had pulled off Steve’s pants and underwear and was spreading his legs wide, eyesing his hole with interest.

“You’re twitching down here.” He leaned in poked at Steve’s ass, watching as the tip of his finger just barely sunk in. “Guess you really

do want it.”

Steve bit back a curse. Even the tip of Billy’s finger stung like shit, suddenly the idea of more wasn’t as appealing. “Fuck, ouch!” He wiggled his hips, trying to scoot up the bed.

“Relax princess.” Billy reached over the edge of the bed and pulled out a bottle of body lotion. “I got something that will make things go a bit easier.”

Steve pushed himself up a bit to see. “Is that baby lotion? Are you shitting me?”

Billy popped the cap and poured a good bit of the white fluid into his palm. “Hey, it’s great for jerking off. Stole it out of my step mom’s bathroom.” He opened his jeans with his clean hand, freeing his already dripping hard cock. “Now, I know I’m big, but no screaming ‘kay?”

Steve resisted the urge to comment. Billy was big, kind of scarily big. There was no way it would fit, no way at all. It was like trying to shove a baseball bat up his ass. It was going to work, it was- Oh God it was happening. Billy pushed Steve’s legs back and suddenly Steve was filled with a stinging sensation. He bit his lip and squeezed his eyes shut.

“Fuck, how about some warning?” He yelled.

Billy huffed a laugh, warm and close to his ear. “Relax baby, only a finger. You ain’t felt nothing yet.”

He twisted the digit inside the other boy, kissing him to swallow the desperate noise he made. He kept kissing him as he worked the finger in and out, slipping in a second one when he got bored of waiting. Inside, Steve was tight and warm, and it made his dick ache in need. He had been neglecting it this whole time and now he had to fight not to rut against the sheets as he fingered Steve.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck...” Steve murmured between gasps. It hurt, it really hurt, but alongside the pain was a growing pressure, a feeling that something was very very close to feeling very very good. If he could

just- "FUCK!"

Billy curled his fingers again, pulling another curse out of Steve. "There we go." He rubbed his fingers against the spot, eyes glued to Steve's face as the other boy came apart in front of him. After a few moments he was begging for Billy to just hurry up and do it.

"Just fuck me!" Steve groaned, teeth clenched. "Do it!"

Billy pulled back and slicked up his cock. "Hmm, you really want it huh?" He grabbed Steve's ass and used his thumbs to spread him open, looking at the abused hole. "Bet you feel so good baby, virgin tight."

Steve didn't bother answering, just shoved his hips forward meaningfully.

Billy took the hint and mercifully moved forward, cock sliding over Steve's hole before he lined up and pushed in. He didn't bother waiting for the other boy to adjust, just pushed in deep in one smooth motion.

"God yes, so good," He leaned forward, bracing himself on Steve's legs and rocking his hips. "So fucking good for me."

Steve grabbed the blond by his shoulders, digging his fingers in hard. It hurt, there was no denying that, but he also couldn't deny how turned on he was. He felt like he was being overwhelmed, the smell of Billy's skin, the slick slide of his cock, the heat of his breath on his neck, the sound of Billy's voice, low and sweet in his ears. He was hard again, and when Billy rocked into him, his sweat coated stomach rubbed against him, just hard enough to make his head swim. He needed more friction, needed Billy to move faster.

"Yeah, you like that huh?" Billy grabbed a handful of Steve's hair and pulled hard, yanking his head back to lick a hot wet stripe up his neck. Steve gasped in pain, but his grip on Billy's shoulder got tighter, pulling him in hard so that his cock slid in to the hilt and his hip bones pressed into the back of his thighs.

Billy sped up, hips slamming into the other boy. Sweat was dripping

down his face and onto Steve. He moved in to lick a bit up, biting Steve's earlobe sharply as he snapped his hips faster.

"That's it, come on, give it to me," Steve rocked his hips to meet Billy's thrusts, eyes screwed shut. They quickly opened as Billy released his death grip on his hair to grab his chin instead.

"Look at me," Billy growled, hips moving faster. "Look at me while I fuck you. While I fill you up, while i make you cum."

Steve's eyes locked on Billy's the icy blue sending a shiver down his spine. And that was it, the rest of the world fell away and he was cumming, hard, body shuddering as he shot between their bodies, cum mixing with sweat and stray smears of lotion.

"Fuck, yes," Billy groaned and moved forward, hurriedly pressing his lips to Steve's as he unloaded inside. He kept moving, rocking back and forth as he rode the last waves of his orgasm, letting Steve's body milk the last of it out of him. "So fucking good for me."

Steve shivered as Billy finally stopped, pulling out and rolling over so he was next to him on the bed, bodies a hair's breadth away from touching. He was suddenly cold, body sticky and sore and without the warmth. Laying there, panting and sore, he suddenly felt the impact of what he had done hit him. He had fucked Billy Hargrove. Worse, he had been fucked BY Billy Hargrove. The asshole who beat him half to death, who had no problems terrorizing people at school. The asshole who came in week after week bragging to anyone with ears about what girl he had got into the backseat of his car. And now suddenly Steve was on the same footing as all those awkward sophomore girls. Fuck.

Billy rolled over, eyeing Steve as the other boy worked through his sudden panic. "Man, you are freaking out."

Steve sat up, wincing slightly at the sensations the movement produced. "Me? Freak out? Ha! What on Earth would I have to freak out about?" he laughed, voice high and tense. He could feel wetness between his legs and suddenly all he wanted was to be home, clean and in his own bed, curled up in the worn out flannel pajamas his mom had gotten him for Christmas two years back. He wanted to be

far away from Billy and his cold eyes and sex mussed hair.

Billy rolled his eyes. "You're freaking out. God damn Steve, who would have guessed you were such a bitch about things." He sighed dramatically and moved towards Steve.

Steve flinched as Billy's arm swung towards him and then held still in complete surprise. Billy grabbed him by the arm and pulled him back down onto the bed, into his arms.

"Just shut up and lay here a minute." Billy wrapped Steve up in his arms and buried his face in his hair, breathing deeply. "After this we need a shower."

Steve nodded carefully, not wishing to dislodge Billy. "Yeah, I guess we do."

Epilogue

It seemed like every kid at the Hawkins high school was in the parking lot when Billy's camaro pulled up. No one really paid any mind at first. Sure Billy had screeched in like a bat out of Hell, rock music playing so loud his windows shook, but that was normal for him. What was less normal was that when the passenger door opened it wasn't Maxine who got out, but Steve Harrington. Steve Harrington, wearing Billy's denim jacket. Steve, wearing Billy's jacket, and sporting several hickies bigger than a quarter.

People turned and watched as Billy got out of the car, slamming the door shut. Peeking out from under the collar of his muscle tee, it was clear he had a sizeable collection of hickies of his own. While Steve had locked his eyes on the ground, Billy seemed totally unfazed by the many eyes glued to him. He shouldered his bag and moved alongside Steve, throwing his arm around the other boy protectively.

"Hey Steve, Nancy know you got a new girlfriend?" The voice came from the front of the parking lot, near the building. The words were followed by a number of giggles, followed by quick hushing noises as Billy swung his head around, fixing an icy glare at anyone making a

noise.

Steve flushed and hurried towards the front of the school, towing Billy along with him. He didn't stop until he saw Nancy and Jonathan.

"Hey Steve!" Nancy's cheerful smile faltered as she saw the boy attached to her ex. "Oh God he's bringing Billy over what do I do?" she whispered quickly, glancing at Jonathan with wide eyes.

"Just be nice!" Jonathan gritted out through a wide, fake smile. "Just smile and be nice and maybe he won't hit anyone."

Steve sighed in relief as he reached his friends. "Oh god, I am so glad to see you guys. I thought I was going to die with everyone staring."

Billy raised an eyebrow. "I thought you liked the attention Stevie."

Steve narrowed his eyes. "Not when they're staring at me like that! Like I- Like I'm..."

"Like you're showing up at school after having sex with Billy?" Nancy supplied, speaking before she could think better of it.

Jonathan elbowed the girl sharply, glaring down at her.

"Ow!" Nancy held up her hands in defense. "Sorry, but it's true, isn't it?" She looked at Steve. "I mean, that's what you look like after-" This time it was Steve who elbowed her.

"Nancy!" Steve buried his face in his hands.

Billy looked between the three other teens and smiled easily. "Well then, this is fun huh?"

Jonathan shrugged and then stuck out his hand to shake. "Honestly, this is the kind of weird I can handle just find. Jonathan Byers, nice to officially meet you."

Billy grinned and shook his hand. Jonathan had the fortitude not to wince when the other boy squeezed a hair too hard. "You know I still have no idea what all the so called weirdness was about."

Nancy laughed hollowly. “Oh don’t worry. It was nothing all that interesting,” she paused and smiled wickedly. “At least not as interesting as this.”